

ELITE

BY C. LOWMYER.

Once on a time—long ago—begin—
Hundreds of years back, when you and I
Lived as monkeys in Africa's tree tops high,
Before the folk had learned to sign so,
The people of China to grumble began,
Because their emperor was a single man;
Said they, "See here, sir,
We greatly fear, sir,
When you're belated there'll be no heir near,
Sir."

We advise you to marry as soon as you can,
The emperor was in despair.
He wanted to marry, but did not know where
In the whole extent of the flowery land
Was a maiden worthy the gift of his hand.
There were beautiful maidens by scores at his feet,
But he wanted one that would love him alone;
One that, for love of his smile so sweet,
Would be flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone.
"Such a one I shall never find, I fear!"
But here he was struck by a bright idea.

Just at this time, in the city of Peking
Lived little Elise, a maid so fair.
Through all the land she might go seeking,
In city or country, anywhere,
And never see her equal in beauty.
What a splendid wide mouth!
She could make a drouth
Of ten in that land where tea pays no duty.
Of her hair as black
As a negro's hair,
"Down her neck" in the latest fashion,
And held by the buckle that kept her hair on.

But the crowning glory of little Elise
Was her dainty feet; you never saw
Such small ones here, where maidens fair
Actually walk—they never do there.
But language and press them
And get and catch them
And you may be sure, when it's all been done
Such feet are certainly No. 1.
As you may suppose
Such beautiful toes
Brought little Elise an abundance of beans;
Rich and poor and of every station
Found in that stationary nation.
But she gave them all to understand
By a violent move of her dainty foot
That they could have that in place of her hand,
Which didn't seem the suitors to suit.

But no tender maiden such as Elise
Can remain in this world long fancy free;
The hardest heart like wax will melt.
If brought where the flame of love is felt.
There came a time when there came a man
As lovely as was Elise herself;
Five feet long was his one, if an ell—
And his clothes were such as showed right well
He was a man with pelf.
He sent four gifts his suit to aid:
A pair of chopsticks, silver and gold,
A little puppy, six months old—
"Ah!" he knew the tender heart of a maid—
A golden kite, with five balls of string,
And a dog that took two men to ring.
She ate the dog with the chopsticks gay,
She flew the kite that very day.
It broke the string and got away—
And she rang the gong till it roused the town.
And all the fire-engines came down.

This was the way he courted Elise.
The marriage came off in the month of May;
Nor how very happy and gay was he;
But just three months from the bridal day,
Where do you think he took her, say?
Right to the Royal Palace gate,
And the Emperor had found a mate.
Happy was he, in his royal state,
And happy was she, though rich and great,
For where true hearts together are bound,
There will happiness never be found.
FINIS CRY. WIS.

PROFITABLE SOLILOQUY

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



"Good! good!" cried Fred Faxon,
clapping his hands and laughing heartily.

"I don't know that it's good," said
Farmer Eben Hayes, "but it has the
merit of being the Lord's truth!"
And that's everything, father," said
his petite and pretty daughter, as she
seized him round the neck and gave
him a hug that brought a quick flush
to the face of both men—pain produc-
ing it with the elder, envy with the
younger.

Hayes Hollow, as the farm had been
called for three generations, was the
finest and most productive of all in the
beautiful valley, and its owner was
considered a wealthy man, being rated
much as a millionaire is in a large city.

Bessie was his only child and the
prospective heiress not only of the
farm and its appurtenances but, as
many believed, of a good deal of wealth
which was invested in other ways.

Fred Faxon was a young man who
for two years had been reading law in
the city twenty miles away, and was
soon to be admitted to the bar.

He had met Bessie Hayes the pre-
ceding summer while spending a vaca-
tion in the valley. The decided mutual
attraction between the two had been
increased by subsequent meetings and
no end of letters, until it had reached
the stage where the word "love" could
alone express the situation.

Mr. Hayes had been much pleased
with the young man, and at the request
of pretty Bessie, who generally carried
her point, had invited him to spend his
week's vacation at the Hollow.

It had been a happy time to the
lovers—those little seven days; but
they had flown by all too quickly, and
the train that was to bear the pros-
pective lawyer away from fields of
wheat, drifting in waves of silver to-
ward the harvest, to the city, with its
dust and crime, and wickedness, would
be due within an hour.

"I must run across and say good-by
to the Turners," remarked Fred, look-
ing through the open door to a farm
house on the opposite side of the broad
country road.

"Wait a moment, and I'll go with
you."

"No, daughter, let him go alone. I
must hitch up to take him to the depot,
and want a word with you first."

"What is it?" asked Bess, just a lit-
tle petulantly, when Fred had started
on his errand.

"Don't invite him here again."
"Who?"

"Fred—Mr. Faxon. I should say."
"You don't mean—"

Words failed the little maiden, but
her wide-open eyes supplied the deficit,
and expressed the most unfeigned as-
tonishment.

"I do, daughter, just that."
"But you've spoken so highly of him
all along—and besides—"

Again words failed the girl, but this
time tears glistened in her blue eyes,
and completed the sentence.

"I'm sorry, Bessie, truly sorry, but
I think it's for the best."

"Nothing can be for the best that
separates us for life. What have you
against Mr. Faxon?"

"I accuse him of no crime, but I fear
that he is unworthy of you."

"Oh, father! Some one besides that
sensibleman of whom you were just
speaking has been talking to you about
him. A false suspicion never origi-
nated in your honest old heart."

"Well, I won't deny—never mind
that now."

Mr. Hayes paused to remove her
pleading white arms from his neck.
"Oh, father!" faltered she, the tears
once more welling up into her eyes.

"Well, then," spoke up the farmer,
who evidently felt himself to be weak-
ening, "we'll let the matter rest as it is,
and if you're not satisfied within six
months—yes, six weeks—that he's un-
worthy of you, then matters can hum
along, and I won't say a word. But
nothing of this to him. Mind that."

Three minutes later the farmer was
harnessing a horse.

"I wish I had my life insured, for if
they close down on me it'll kill me, an'
Bess'll be left without a nickel."

Eben Hayes was indulging in his old
habit of talking to himself as he
buckled the harness-strap.

As he made this remark, Fred Faxon
entered the horse-barn.

It seemed strange that the sound
caused by the opening of the door, and



"GOOD! GOOD!" CRIED FRED FAXON.

the sunlight it admitted, did not at-
tract the farmer's attention. He must
have been deeply engrossed in his own
thoughts, for he continued his solilo-
quy:

"Who'd have thought that wheat
would go ten cents higher, when
there's goin' to be a full crop—at least
about here? I s'pose it's short other
places, though I was a fool to borrow
that last \$5,000 to try and save the
other fifteen. What'll folks say when
the notes come due in two months, an'
old Eben Hayes is closed out? Jeff
Wheeler'll be glad, so'll Sol Smith an'
Dick Stallamith, but I reckon Bill
Barr'll be a little grain sorry, 'cause
he won't be able to borrow any more
money off me. I guess it's a feelin'
that Parson Lake wouldn't indorse,
but I do wish that this city fellow
would marry Bess, or get engaged to
her, at least, before we have to move
out of the Hollow, where she was born,
and I before her."

Fred Faxon heard something, which
sounded very like a sob, and then stole
noiselessly from the barn and rejoined
Bessie, whom he had left in the grape
arbor near by.

A week later, when the farmer re-
turned home from the wheat-field,
where he had been assisting his men
in the glorious work of harvesting, he
was astonished to find Fred Faxon
seated with his daughter upon the vine-
shadowed porch.

"Didn't reckon on seeing you to-day,"
said the farmer when the first saluta-
tions were over.

At the same time he stole a glance
at the fair face of his daughter, which
seemed an embodiment of happiness
and content.

"I've been admitted to practice."
"Oh! Glad to hear it."
"And the city courts not being in
session—"

"Don't be silly!" interrupted Bessie,
blushing like a peony.

"I'd like to speak with you in pri-
vate, Mr. Hayes."

"No need of it. My daughter and I
have no secrets from each other."

"Well, she has promised, subject to
your approval of course, to become my
wife."

"Even that was no secret. I read it
in her eyes the minute I turned the
corner."

"And you consent?"

"I s'pose I'll have to."
"Wheat took an awful drop this
week, sir."

"I hadn't heard of it."
"The European war didn't material-
ize and reports from the Northwest
came in much more favorable, and it
dropped twenty cents."

"That beats me."
"It didn't me. I never mentioned
the fact to you, but I have \$30,000



"DON'T INVITE HIM HERE AGAIN."

which I inherited from my father three
years ago. I was sure it would take a
tumble, and sold a hundred thousand
bushels."

"And have closed it out?"

"At a profit of twenty thousand.
Now, I want to ask you a question."
"Fire away."

"What'll you take for Hayes Hol-
low?"

"You don't mean—"

"That I want to buy it for a wed-
ding present to Bessie. Not to freeze
you out, but just—"

"Because you're one of the whitest
boys alive. You can't do it, sir!"
"But, Mr. Hayes, I—"

"You can't steal my thunder that
way. I'm going to give it to her my-
self!"

"But I heard—"

"What?"

"That you were embarrassed and on
the brink of failure. In fact, it was
the information that you had lost
everything, through the recent boom in
wheat, that induced me to sell the
same commodity."

"There ain't a word of truth in it!
I never speculated in my life!"

"But I heard—"

"A pack of lies! I'm worth \$15,000
over and above this farm, and don't
owe a cent in the world!"

"Then I must have been dreaming?"

"No, but you placed too much re-
liance in the idle talk of an old fellow
who likes to speculate in his mind, and
who thinks it no sin to suppose a case
for his own amusement."

"And you're satisfied that Fred
wasn't after Hayes Hollow?" queried
Bessie.

"Entirely—I don't believe that
John will remember about those calves.
He's getting awfully forgetful."

Thus soliloquizing, Mr. Hayes walked
discreetly away, leaving the happy
lovers in sole possession of the vine-
shadowed porch.

His Honor Was Wounded.

Just after the war there was a crowd
of us in the billiard-room of a hotel
one evening, says a New York Sun
writer, and among the "tough" South-
erners was a Colonel Gray of the Ten-
nessee troops. He was said to be a
duelist, a dead shot, a fearless man,
and all that, and was, therefore, held
in awe. Among those present was a
typical Yankee who had come down to
smell out cotton. He looked humble
and harmless, and had been hustled
around a good deal without losing his
temper. By some accident in moving
about he bumped the colonel, and the
latter promptly wheeled round on him
with:

"Sir, you are as clumsy as an ox."
"Don't get riled, kurnel; I didn't
mean to," was the reply.

It was a good time to bluff, and the
colonel drew himself up and replied:
"Then apologize, apologize at once!"

"I said I didn't mean it, and I didn't,
but I ain't going to crawl, you know."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Well, now, I'm Isaac Williams and
who might you be?"

"You have insulted me, sir. There's
my card."

Williams took the pasteboard, looked
it all over, slowly read the name, and
returned it to the colonel with:

"Hev you any cotton to sell, kurnel?
If so, I'm your huckleberry."

"If you have a friend, let him consult
with the major here!" replied the fire-
eater.

Some one explained to the Yankee
that he had been challenged, and he
scratched his head, whistled his sur-
prise, and following the colonel to the
bar, he said:

"See here, kurnel, I don't want this
blamed thing hanging over me all night
and disturbing my sleep. Let's have it
out now."

He fished up a Remington from his
right hip pocket, a second from his left,
and handing one to the colonel, he ad-
vanced his right foot, and said:

"Toe to toe, kurnel, and muzzle to
breast. That guarantees sure work
and no fooling. Somebody count five,
and then we'll begin the skirmish. My
will has been made for two years, and
I reckon the papers will inform Hanner
how I turned up my toes."

The colonel took the revolver,
started to advance his foot, drew it
back, turned as white as snow, and lay-
ing the weapon on the bar, walked out
of the place without a word to any one.
The Yank had raised him out of the
game.

Miss Caldwell's Love Grown Cold.

A young lady who is visiting here,
and who is a very intimate friend of
Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, has
just received a letter from the young
heir, whose engagement to Prince
Murat has attained so much notoriety.

Miss Caldwell writes to her friend that
the formal betrothal has been indefi-
nitely postponed on account of an un-
warranted law of the French and Italian
aristocracy, which requires the con-
tracting parties to produce, at their
betrothal, the baptismal certificates of
their parents and grandparents. That
Miss Caldwell is unable to do, as there
is no record of her grandmother's bap-
tism, and a hitch in the proceedings is
the result. Miss Caldwell intimates
that she would not care at all if the
wedding should not take place. Miss
Caldwell's friend thinks that if the
whole thing falls through it will not
be the fault of the bridegroom nor of
the laws of aristocracy, but of the fair
fiance herself. This is not the first
time Miss Caldwell has promised her
hand in marriage and has reconsidered
her action after the engagement had
been made public. She was engaged to
an Italian prince about three years
ago, and the match was considered the
best to be made in Europe, but, like
several others before, it was broken off
by the young lady. Miss Caldwell's
first love was a young lawyer of this
city, but the engagement was objected
to. He has since married. In a former
letter Miss Caldwell said: "You may
be sure that I always intend to be my
own financier. I am willing to allow
any husband I may have a sufficient
income to enable him to dress well and
pay his club dues, but he will never
have the management of a cent of my
principal." "Mary has a will of her
own," said our mutual friend, "and she
means what she says. Perhaps Prince
Murat found this out before it was too
late."—Louisville Post.

A Shameless Trick.

In one Maine town is a very heavy
girl. She is quite sensitive about her
weight and it is not generally known,
but two mischievous young men want-
ing to know it, one of them persuaded
her to stop and speak with him on the
hay scales. The owner of the scales
was in the plot and quickly weighed
them. The weight of the man being
subtracted, left the amount of 301
pounds for the girl.—Lewiston Jour-
nal.

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

THE THORNE CONTRIVANCE FOR SETTING TYPE.

A Labor-saving Invention that Seems Adapted to the Practical Requirements of a Printing Office—A Description of the Machine.

Whether or not type can be successfully set by a machine, and whether the machine can be adapted to the practical requirements of a printing office, is a question toward the solution of which the efforts of inventive genius have been continuously directed for many years. From one point of view it may be regarded as strange that the wonderful results that have been reached in other directions in the production of machines capable of performing the most complicated operations with almost human intelligence and more than human precision, have not been sooner paralleled in type setting, in which so large a proportion of the work is purely mechanical. On the other hand those practically familiar with the details of the work of the composing room have cherished grave doubts whether a machine could be devised and perfected that would perform the work of setting type in such a way as to make it practicable to supersede the method of hand setting that has been in use ever since the art of printing was invented. Difficulties have been encountered which have not met the inventor in any other field, and the operation of putting the types in place, so simple in appearance when done by hand, becomes involved in countless complications when it is sought

to adapt the machine to its performance. Meanwhile invention and improvement has progressed with great strides in other branches and departments of the printer's art, so that while the art as a whole has reached a marvelous stage of development and achievement, the operation of type-setting has remained in a primitive state.

Numerous as have been the attempts to set and distribute types by machinery, it must be confessed that, up to the present, there has not been one machine which has obtained general favor, or which has answered the expectations held out. Generally, the machines have been delicate and complicated, and the results so very uncertain, indeed, that no newspaper proprietor would rely solely upon them in case of urgency. These repeated failures have led compositors, and employers too, to venture the prediction that until a machine could be endowed with brains the compositor would be indispensable. But recently the perfecting of what is known as the Thorne

under the types are automatically sorted, so that each channel of the stationary cylinder contains only types of the same kind.

Composing is effected from a key-board—like that of a typewriter on a somewhat larger scale. By the depression of any key, through an arrangement of levers and rods, the lowest type in the corresponding groove of the cylinder is pushed radially outwards on a very rapidly revolving disc, which carries it to an opening in the stationary guard surrounding the disc and delivers it upon a moving belt, on which the types are carried in their proper order to a revolving lifter, which raises them in succession into a long setting stick at the upper end of an inclined channel or gallery. In justifying, a section of the composed line of type is drawn to the mouth of the justifying stick, and is justified with spaces taken from a case containing channels for the different spaces and the hyphen, the lowest of which are pushed partially out by ejectors worked with a treadle. The lines of type when no longer required for printing can be inserted in the grooves of the distributing cylinder from a special gallery by means of a slide with which a whole line at a time is pushed bodily into a groove.

Three persons are required to operate each machine: one at the keyboard, a second to break up and justify the lines, and the third to keep the distributing cylinder "loaded" and maintain a general supervision. With expert help one machine will set and distribute ten thousand ems per hour, or from five to six times as much as the most rapid hand compositor. The work is not particularly laborious, and it is found by experience that intelligent girls are fully as well adapted as men to become efficient operators. The machines are so light running that a single horse power is sufficient for half a dozen machines.

Considering the purpose for which the machine is intended, the construction is simple, and there appears to be no difficulty or hitch in the working. It should be remarked that by manipulating the keys in one direction only, several keys may be touched simultaneously, without risk of the characters becoming transposed; in working the opposite way each key must be touched separately. The machine is driven from a shaft by two small belts. One belt transmits motion to the revolving disc below the typesetting cylinder and to the type lifter, whilst the other belt, by means of a tightening pulley and ratchet gear, produces the step-by-step-motion of the distributing cylinder.

Foiled Again.
Officer (Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children)—I am hunting for a family who, I am told, are compelling a three-year-old child to learn the Russian language.

Resident (Shum court)—I know 'em. They live in room 63.

Officer (wrathfully)—The brutes! What is their name?

Resident—Knoskivskovitz. They are Russians.

Officer—Oh! Um—er—very fine weather we're having.—New York Weekly.

When there is nothing left of the winter snow but ridges behind the stone walls, and a dingy drift here and there in a hollow or in the woods, winter has virtually resigned the icicle, which is his scepter.

THE THORNE TYPESETTING MACHINE.



THE THORNE TYPESETTING MACHINE.

OPERATING THE MACHINE.

type-setting and distributing machine seems to overthrow that oft repeated prediction.

The Thorne, of which an accurate illustration is given in the accompanying engraving, is the invention of Joseph Thorne, from whom the machine and the company now engaged in its manufacture were named. The invention dates back to 1880, although the improvements which the last eight years of mental and mechanical labor upon it have effected have so metamorphosed the original that the present perfected machine scarcely resembles the crude affair which first embodied the inventor's idea. At various times the Thorne has been exhibited and tested in competition with other type-setting machines in Europe and America, with results most decidedly in its favor. It is doubtful, however, if any other machine has ever been subjected to the severe test which has been applied to the Thorne, one of them being in continuous use in the office of a Hartford, Conn., daily paper for nearly a year—a test which may be said to have thoroughly demonstrated its practicability, not only for general composition but also for the sterner requirements of daily newspaper work.

The Thorne type-setting machine consists of two iron cylinders, about fifteen inches in diameter, placed perpendicularly one above the other, in the external surface of each of which are cut longitudinally ninety channels or receptacles for the types which are to be used in it. Within

the channels of the lower cylinder are inserted "wards," or small steel projections extending in various relative positions through their entire length, which correspond respectively with "niks," specially made in the type—the purpose of which is, in distributing the letters, to automatically divert each letter from the mass of letters in the upper or distributing cylinder to its appropriate place in the lower or setting cylinder, so that each channel in the latter shall receive types of only the particular character intended for and adapted to it. The work of distribution is carried on automatically by the

revolution of the upper cylinder over the lower, with an intermittent motion, thereby causing the channels of the upper cylinder at each step to coincide with and rest directly over similar channels in the setting cylinder, which remains stationary. By means of the "niks" in the type and the "wards" in the lower or setting cylinder a type of a given character can only fall into its own proper groove in the latter; in these grooves the types rest on a bottom plate. The types in the distributing cylinder are in the order they come from the forms, but by the step-like motion of the cylinder and the action of the wards in the channels of the setting cyl-

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